

AdHoc Issue 17

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Stef Chura is a singer, songwriter, and guitarist from Detroit whose debut album, *Messes*, is being released on January 27 via Urinal Cake Records. She interviewed the band Priests for this issue.

Kennedy Ashlyn sings and plays keys for the band Them Are Us Too. In this issue, she remembers her beloved bandmate and friend Cash Askew, who passed away in the Oakland warehouse fire of December 2016.

Jordan Reyes is a nomadic writer who currently pays rent in Minnesota; he plays industrial music as Taphophile and runs Moniker Records alongside Robert Manis. In this issue, Lee Ranaldo told Jordan about his favorite acoustic guitar.

Lee Ranaldo is a musician, composer, visual artist, writer, producer, and a founding member of the band Sonic Youth. He spoke about his experience with Gurian guitars in this issue.

Samuel Nigrosh is a Chicago-based illustrator who publishes books and comix under the name Trash City. He made the illustrations for this issue.

Daniele Daniele is a real renaissance woman. She lives in Washington, D.C. and performs with Priests and Gauche. She designed and hand-painted the cover of this month's zine.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

The American underground broke into mainstream awareness as 2016 drew to a close, but not for the reasons we would have hoped. On December 4, a gunman walked into Comet Ping Pong, a D.C. pizza restaurant and vital art and music venue, searching for child sex slaves. Comet and its employees had already been the target of online and phone-based harassment for weeks as a result of the Pizzagate conspiracy, in which Reddit and Voat users alleged that John Podesta and Hillary Clinton were involved in a sex-trafficking ring based out of the restaurant, among others. Though the gunman didn't harm anyone, his actions demonstrated the perils of post-truthist rumor-mongering in a very real, very frightening way. In this issue, Comet regulars and D.C.-based punk band Priests discuss—in addition to their label, Sister Polygon, and their debut LP, *Nothing Feels Natural*—their real-life brush with Pizzagate, and the threats progressive artistic communities are facing from the far-right.

Just the day before the Comet incident, those of us on the East Coast had awoken to news of a horrifying fire at Oakland DIY venue the Ghost Ship. Cash Askew, who played guitar in the dreamy-sounding rock duo Them Are Us Too, was among the fire's 36 victims; here, her bandmate and friend Kennedy Ashlyn remembers Askew's inimitable strength and spirit. A month after her death, it's still impossible to reckon with what happened, not to mention the chilling feeling that *this could have happened to us*. One of the numerous after-effects of the fire has been an unfair critique of electronic music and DIY practices in the mainstream media, and an ensuing nationwide crackdown on DIY spaces, eliminating safe spaces for people who often don't have anywhere else to go. Even when displaced, artists in these communities will keep going—but paying tribute to the creative spirit of people like Cash Askew and of artist-run venues all over the country feels more urgent than ever.

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Nothing Feels Natural

PRIESTS TALK PRODUCTION AND PIZZAGATE

BY STEF CHURA

Hi! My name is Stef Chura. I live in Detroit and play in a group under my own name. I was in NYC recently for a New York minute (heh... I couldn't help myself), and I got to sit down and talk with Priests, with whom we're going on tour in February. They're a punk band from D.C. who have been self-releasing on their own label, Sister Polygon, since 2012. Talking to the group's four members—vocalist Katie Alice Greer, drummer Daniele Daniele, guitarist G. L. Jaguar, and bassist Taylor Mulitz—for AdHoc, I learned a little more about the ins and outs of their label and what is was like for them to record their first full-length album, *Nothing Feels Natural*. They also shed some light on life in D.C. during "Pizzagate" and the armed invasion of beloved local venue Comet Ping Pong, where Taylor and Daniele work.

Stef Chura: When did you guys start Sister Polygon Records?

Katie Alice Greer: We started Sister Polygon to put out the first Priests seven-inch, in 2012. We wanted to own the means of production for putting out our music as much as we could. We all bond over music together, so the idea was to also put other stuff we really love out in the world.

Did Sister Polygon immediately grow into this bigger thing?

Daniele Daniele: It's grown in spurts. First, it was just our stuff, then Downtown Boys, Shady Hawkins... And then around the time Pinkwash's *Your Cure Your Soil* came out, in 2014, we were like, "We're gonna be a label that does lots of stuff." So we figured out how to distribute music, do press for releases, and things like that.

Katie: Before we would be like, "We made a cassette!"

Taylor Mulitz: "Go team!"

Daniele: We had 300 cassettes in our closet, and we were like, "We're a record label!"

Let's talk about your album, *Nothing Feels Natural*. Why did you choose that title?

Katie: The record was named *Nothing Feels Natural* before we had any songs written for it. This record took us a long time to make—at one point, I was debating between *Nothing Between Us But Air* and *Nothing Feels Natural*.

Taylor: The first one sounds like a romantic comedy.

Katie: I liked *Nothing Feels Natural* as a title, because I think it has a lot of dimensionality to it. I have always felt self-conscious when someone's like, "Just act natural." I'm a real over-thinker, and I have no idea what that actually means. The title also has a wider social dimension: the idea of there being a natural state for anything is so false, as almost everything is a construct. I thought the title made for a pretty open concept, and once we started writing the song that became the title track, it was like, "*This* is 'Nothing Feels Natural.' Cool!" So the process was kinda backwards.

What was recording the album like?

Katie: We first went to Olympia and recorded with some friends over there—and learned a lot about ourselves as a band.

Was it stressful?

Katie: Their strength as a studio is taking a very strict analog approach—just set up the mics, press play, and let the magic happen. But we learned that we are a lot more of a studio band than we had known before. Those recordings were not good.

G. L. Jaguar: We wanted to make a bigger record. The only tape recorder in Olympia, it seemed, was a four-track tape machine putting guitar, bass, and drums onto one track, then one for overdubs, one for miscellaneous things, and another one for vocals. We needed more tracks.

Katie: After that process, we were completely broke and pretty miserable. We went crawling back to our friends, Kevin [Erickson] and Hugh [McElroy], who recorded some of our previous music. We were like, "We don't have any money. Can you guys record this record, and we promise we'll pay you eventually?" Fortunately, they were like, "Alright."

When did the *Nothing Feels Natural* recordings start?

Taylor: We demo'd it in early 2015, then we recorded it in full in January 2016, in Olympia. We scrapped those recordings, then re-recorded it. We started in February, but finished this summer.

Katie, I noticed you using your voice a little differently on the new record. I like it.

Katie: One of the reasons the vocal parts on this record include more singing is because I can't keep writing songs where I'm just shouting. I will lose my voice.

I did want to bring up a different topic. I don't know if this is something you get asked about frequently, but what happened, exactly, at Comet Ping Pong during the Pizzagate scandal?

Katie: Laurie Spector [of D.C.-based Hothead] and I played a show at Comet on Thursday,

December 1. I was very nervous about it, because we were all reading these comments online. Daniele and Taylor were getting death threats when they were at work.

Taylor: Daniele and I work there.

People would call the phone all day, right?

Taylor: Yeah, and there are a number of employees whose personal information has been released. Their addresses, phone numbers, pictures of them, and pictures of their families have been posted online so that people can harass them.

Katie: So I was really nervous about playing this show. I asked the people at Comet if we could have some kind of pat-down security, and they were like, "We can't afford to do that; we don't even have a permit for it. We do have some security, and they'll be keeping an eye open. Don't worry." The show went fine—I saw a couple of suspicious-looking people, but whatever. That was on Thursday, and then on Sunday, Daniele was at work at Buck's [Restaurant], which is right next to Comet...

Daniele: Yeah, I wasn't *at* Buck's, I was on my way to work. When I got there at 3:30, the place was surrounded by cops.

Was that the day the gunman showed up?

Taylor: Yeah, he was still in the building when I pulled up to drop Daniele off at work.

Daniele: A man from North Carolina heard about Pizzagate. He said he was just gonna drive up and look around; he hadn't planned on bringing a gun. But I guess he got more incensed as he was driving up there thinking about it. He parked in front in an illegal spot where the buses stop, right in front of Comet Ping Pong. He left the car running. He pulled out his gun, this AR-15, which is essentially an AK-47 for civilian use—I don't know why that exists.

Long story short: this gunman walks into the restaurant. He walks through and goes immediately to the back to look for secret tunnels and shit; he wants to liberate the children. Luckily, he passes by all the customers and employees, because all the



Illustration by Samuel Nigrosh

seating in the restaurant is up front. The back room is just ping pong, and the room behind that is the green room. Because the gunman had come through with this giant gun cocked without saying anything and without being stopped, the employees and customers in the front were like, "GTFO!," and ran across the street.

So the gunman was searching through the restaurant, trying to find where the sex slaves were. He fired the gun in order to shoot the lock off a closet where the employees keep the backup point-of-sale system and their coats.

Taylor: He found no children or basements.

Daniele: There *is* no basement.

The Reddit and 4chan threads became a place for violent organization and hate speech.

Katie: The Reddit thread where people had these conversations finally, after too long, got shut down. Reddit was like, "You guys are having a fucking witch hunt; it's hate-mongering. You need to leave." Then this other forum called Voat was like, "Y'all can come here and talk your crazy, white-supremacist shit here!" Sister Polygon Records got called out as a cult-affiliated record label.

Taylor: I have this friend Jeff, who used to work at Buck's. Because the Comet account follows him, all the psychos were trolling his page. His username is "working on my night cheese." There's this whole thread of people being like, "What does 'working on my night

cheese' mean? This is disgusting! This person's vile!" But it's just a quote from *30 Rock*. Liz Lemon loves to eat cheese in her bed, and writes this song where she's singing, "Working on my night cheese!" It's from fucking *30 Rock*, but these people don't have the patience to Google "working on my night cheese" to figure it out.

Katie: It's not that they don't have the patience. When you think you have an idea of what's going on, everything you learn is going to fit in with what you've already decided.

Taylor: Like, "*30 Rock* is part of all of it!"

Daniele: "The gunman was a paid actor!"

Katie: Yeah, because no one died, people on the Pizzagate forums were like, "Obviously, he was planted by the government to make us look foolish, but we're not stopping—this isn't going away."

Taylor: A person who claims to care about the safety of children traumatized the children that were in the restaurant.

And like, what inspired him to drive so many hours? Was he a single man? Did someone with a family do this?

Taylor: He was a family man, which the *New York Times* loves to talk about, rather than how he's a terrorist.

Katie: There was a headline in the *Washington Post* like, "A Yale psychologist suggests that this

man was suffering from too much empathy, and that's why he drove there." His parents were like, "We're sure he's so sorry about what he did."

You don't have to make up fake narratives about it.

Katie: And if you're deeply invested in that cause, go help the kids in those situations. They're not at Comet Ping Pong. Not that these words are going to reach anybody who would change their mind about stuff like that.

Daniele: Belief precedes knowledge. You can't use logic or fact-checking; that would just be in line with the establishment journalism that, to people like the gunman, is part of the problem. This whole thing about Comet Ping Pong and pedophilia all has to do with veiled homophobia. The reason they're willing to believe that [Comet owner] James Alefantis is a pedophile is because he's gay, and they have latent—or outright—homophobia. It's a belief about the wrongness of homosexuality that gives them a predilection to believe crazy things that make no sense. If you hate gays and you hear this guy's a pedophile, you're like, "That makes sense. He's a horrible person, after all."

Katie: I hate to always be ending interviews on a downer note. Every interview we've done ends like, "And the world is just going to shit," but...

Taylor: "Buy our record. Get to the gig!" ✱

Hard To Find

THEM ARE US TOO'S KENNEDY ASHLYN REMEMBERS BANDMATE AND FRIEND CASH ASKEW

AS-TOLD-TO EMILIE FRIEDLANDER

On December 2, 2015, a fire broke out in Oakland live/work space the Ghost Ship, killing 36 people who had gathered there for an intimate house show. Cash Askew, a 22-year-old multi-instrumentalist and producer who played guitar in the sonically enveloping, consistently emotionally gutting rock band Them Are Us Too, was one of many musicians who passed over to the next realm that night. Here, her bandmate Kennedy Ashlyn remembers Askew's life, music, and non-binary worldview.

Kennedy Ashlyn: I met Cash on her 19th birthday, when both of us were studying at UC Santa Cruz. She was living in the dorms, and my housemates, who she knew from the food co-op, offered to have her birthday at my house. It was jokingly called Cash's Super Sweet Goth 19th Birthday Party, and everyone had to dress goth. Cash made a playlist that had Cocteau Twins, Depeche Mode, and Sisters of Mercy on it—and I kept being like, “Oh My God! You like this song? You like this song?” We weren't goths—that was a joke—but no one in Santa Cruz really liked the same music that we did. And then she crashed at the house, and the next morning, there was an eviction notice on the door. We didn't end up getting evicted, but that's how crazy Cash's 19th birthday party was.

The day after the party, I was playing one of the only three Them Are Us Too shows that I did without Cash, at this weird hippy commune. We were drinking moonshine, walking around arm in arm, and I was just like, "You should be in my band." It was pretty immediate—day one: friends; day two: bandmates. We'd always call her birthday our "friendaversary," and then the next day is our "bandaversary."

The early sessions were awkward. At first, Cash tried to play synth, and I was like, "Why don't you try to play guitar?" And she was like, "I don't wanna play guitar." She used the guitar in our band, but she wasn't the guitarist. Rowland S. Howard was her inspiration, and she used it as a weird noise instrument. If I remember correctly, the first song that really clicked for us was "Us Now." That song is about Cash, because when we met, I felt like it was just... us now. I finally felt like I had met my fucking person. In Santa Cruz, we had a good community of people, but no one was into the same shit as us, and we didn't have a large queer community. She came out, and I came out, during our friendship; we came out together in ways.

I don't even know how to describe her personality. She hated the word "goof", but she was a fucking goof ball. Right now, you see all these glamor shots of her in the news. And yeah, she was definitely super classy

and demure, and beautiful and angelic—but I'll always remember her eating nutritional yeast with her fingers in a big T-shirt and underwear, making stupid jokes. She was fucking brilliant—a huge dork who was obsessed with history and *Lord of the Rings* when she was a kid. There's this video online of Kris Jenner talking about this book she's reading about some architect. And she's like, "It's so weird and boring, but I'm obsessed." That's exactly how Cash's girlfriend Anya and I like to describe her—like, "Dude, Cash is weird and boring, but we're obsessed."



Illustration by Samuel Nigrosh

Cash was magnetic. Everywhere she went, everyone's head turned when she walked in the room—but she hated that, because she didn't like attention and she didn't even like people that much. She had a couple close friends, but everyone was just addicted to talking to her and being around her. She was really kind—she didn't want to start any fucking drama. But I guess towards the ends of her life, she was like, "I'm gonna fucking stand up for myself. I'm not just gonna stand there and nod and smile any more."

After we made a demo and did a West Coast tour, we dropped out of school. We always just wanted to make music and tour, and we were really excited to be signed to Dais and to put out our first album, *Remain* [2015]. I didn't live anywhere for a long time, and then I moved to Texas about a year ago, to be with my love-of-my-life person. Cash moved to Oakland, and had been living here, working for her mom and developing two solo projects: *Prist*, which was her techno project, and *Heavenly*, which was more "emotional noise." For *Prist*, she made every single sound from shit she'd recorded out in the world—her own fucking drum kit. On tour, we'd hit a rest stop in the middle of fucking nowhere, and she'd go to the bathroom, then run back to the car and be like, "Hold on, I need to go record that toilet clunk."

I think if Cash had to categorize herself, she would say she was an electronic musician—but she probably wouldn't want to categorize herself at all. She just wanted to create soundscapes. Once, she heard this sound on

a Godspeed You! Black Emperor record, and she did a ton of research, and found out that they used a screwdriver, kind of like a bow on a violin. So she did that, but she also took off the second-to-last string on her guitar, and used this weird tuning. I think she always knew that she was onto something, but not in a way that was pretentious, at all. She was always so unpretentious.

I'd known Cash for four years, but in the year before she died—since she started dating Anya—she seemed more vibrant than ever. Anya and Cash met at a show in Oakland, but they had been following each other on Tumblr for like six years. When they finally met, they just really saw each other. One thing about Cash is that she always described herself as “socially awkward,” but she actually really had an uncanny knack for seeing people—seeing through people’s bullshit facades, their defense mechanisms, their ways of socializing. Cash and Anya’s one-year anniversary was two days before she died. Obviously, her loss is a tragedy to everyone, but I think one of the biggest tragedies is that their love was cut so short.

I got a one-way ticket to Oakland the day of the fire, and I've just been at Anya's house ever since, and we've been writing music together. Anya has been playing Cash's guitar, which was a gift from her step-father. Cash designed it herself, and it has this beautiful blue pickguard, which is the same color as the cover of the record, and the color of the nail polish that she used to wear. We all have our nails painted that color now.

Anya keeps saying that me and her were Cash's favorite singers and musicians, so we're just channeling her. TAUT was going to call our next release "No Pure Stance," because Cash and I both had a very post-structuralist view of the world. She saw all the nuance and the complexity and the paradox, which a lot of people gloss over. When you see those things, it's fucking hard to survive, because the world doesn't make any sense in the way that you're taught to make sense of things. But she was always just like, "Fuck a binary." That was one of our stupid jokes: "Fuck a binary tho."

The thing about TAUT was that it was really naïve. People are always saying there's this "purity" to that record, but this project with Anya is gonna be not so vulnerable. We've literally been to hell and back; that vulnerability, that naiveté—that's gone. I don't want to give too much away, because I don't want to jinx it, but honestly, I think we would have been Cash's favorite band. We're both feeling strong, and we didn't feel strong before. She's given us her strength and her skill. I don't know how else to think about—why would I be strong after this? It's because she's in the air. ✱

Lee Rinaldo was seven or eight years old when he got his first guitar—"That is, one that wasn't a tennis racket," he says. It was a pink plastic ukulele silk-screened with pictures of the Beatles, acquired after Rinaldo saw them play on Ed Sullivan in 1964. Later, during his high school years, he graduated to a larger-body, Japanese Martin D-18 copy, on which he would learn Beatles covers and folk songs. And although he would eventually come to be known for his work with Fender Jazzmasters and Gibson Les Pauls, Rinaldo has been collecting acoustic guitars ever since.

In recent years, the Sonic Youth guitarist has been revisiting his beginnings, eschewing the noise-riddled sounds of that band and early solo efforts like 1987's *From Here To Infinity* in favor of acoustic-driven, Americana-inspired songwriting. Calling from his Manhattan home, he says he's especially interested in the stories of the people who make them. Here's one he told us about legendary luthier Michael Gurian.

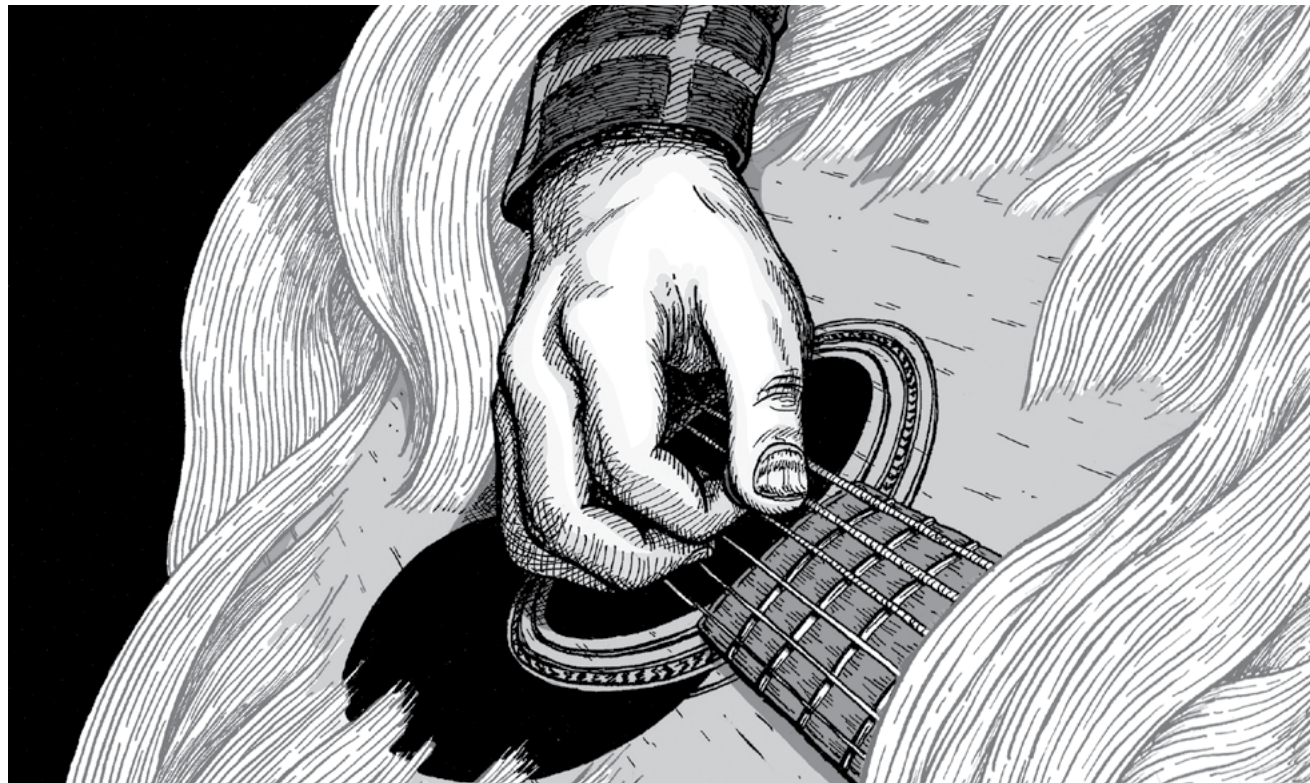


Illustration by Samuel Nigrosh

Mahogany and Rosewood

LEE RANALDO DESCRIBES THE BEST ACOUSTIC GUITAR HE EVER OWNED

AS-TOLD-TO JORDAN REYES

Lee Ranaldo: A friend of mine recently started bugging me about this early '70s guitar-maker named Michael Gurian. As it turns out, some of the best guitar-makers trained in Gurian's shop. The shop was on Carmine Street in the West Village, and as far as I know, he began building guitars there. When he started to get a little more serious, he had a shop on Bedford Street, also in the West Village, and built guitars there for a while. He later moved to New Hampshire and built guitars there. But all in all, he built guitars for about 10 years, and then quit.

About a year ago, I started looking around for a Gurian guitar online. Eventually, I found one on eBay. With these guitars, there are two primary models: they all have spruce tops, but the back and the sides can either be mahogany or the rosewood, which have their own, unique tonal qualities. This was an S3M—a medium-sized mahogany model—and it's one of the best guitars I own. This guitar was made about ten blocks from here, on Bedford Street, in 1970 or 1971. It's a 45-year-old instrument made locally, which, to me, is pretty cool—a guitar crafted just a stone's throw from home.

I like to describe the sound of my S3M as "evenly balanced across the whole range,"

in a specific way. You can hear everything clearly. I played it for a few months, and kept thinking about this issue of the mahogany versus rosewood. Rosewood guitars are the next level up, and they have a much deeper sound. So I began searching for a Gurian S3M rosewood guitar, and I found one. The difference was pronounced. The second guitar had a darker, more mysterious sound with a full bottom-end, like it was growling. The first one—the mahogany one—is great for picking when you want to hear every note in a chord, and the rosewood is more smearable—more rock-sounding in a way, since it has this heavy bottom sound.

I've gotten geeky enough that I have one of those mirrors on a stick for checking out acoustic guitar interiors. The ad for my rosewood Gurian had indicated that the guitar had been damaged, although it wasn't clear how seriously. I decided to chance it. When it arrived, I noticed a patched side, covering a big crack, which isn't uncommon for older instruments, between humidity and the ways guitars can be beat up over the course of their lives.

As I kept inspecting, I noticed more issues. Its bottom had obviously been smashed and repaired. The heel looked as though it had been re-fabricated, and one of the

braces that ran along the top and back of the guitar—keeping the two pieces of wood together, so they resonate—had been lost. As a replacement, someone had carved a crude brace and sloppily glued it in. Additionally, behind the sound hole on most guitars is a place where two braces cross—it's a critical place. I noticed there was a huge crack in this cross-brace. It seriously needed repair.

I wrote the guy who sold it, and he said he'd take it back. I thought that would be the end of it—but I kept playing the guitar, and the more I played it, the less I wanted to return it. I loved the way it sounded. In the end, I got an estimate of what it would cost to fix, and told the seller, who knocked that off the price.

Now, I've got these two Gurian guitars. The rosewood guitar, apparently, was made in New Hampshire. Pretty soon after Gurian moved there, he had a massive fire, and the whole factory burned down. He rebuilt the factory quickly, and continued to build guitars for another two years, and then said, "I'm done," and stopped and walked away from the whole thing. These days, he lives on a houseboat in Seattle, supposedly. He doesn't build guitars anymore, but does decorative work for guitars. *

UPCOMING ADHOC EVENTS

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|-------|--|
| 01/05 | Title Fight, GIVE, Westpoint @ Knockdown Center |
| 01/06 | Swings, Zula, Tall Friend, Cleo Tucker @ Trans-Pecos |
| 01/12 | Big Ups, Yucky Duster, Red Sea, Leapling @ Shea Stadium |
| 01/13 | Infinity Crush, Yohuna, gobbinjr, Swoon Lake @ Sunnyvale |
| 01/13 | Forth Wanderers, Half Waif, Trace Mountains, Stolen Jars @ Baby's All Right |
| 01/18 | Muuy Biiën, Bambara, Decorum, Rube @ Shea Stadium |
| 01/20 | Creepoid, Russian Baths, IYEZ, Birds @ Sunnyvale |
| 01/20 | Ovlov, Sinai Vessel, Bilge Rat, Fond Han @ Shea Stadium |
| 01/22 | Steve Gunn, Lee Ranaldo, Meg Baird @ The Park Church Co-op |
| 01/24 | PILL, The Dreebs, Weeping Icon @ Baby's All Right |
| 01/25 | A Deer A Horse, Hypoluxo, Jouska, Spowder @ Alphaville |
| 01/25 | Tonstartssbandht, Tredici Bacci, Cruel Angels, Leya @ Sunnyvale |
| 01/27 | Adam Ant @ Webster Hall |
| 01/28 | Priests, Snail Mail @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 02/01 | Cloud Nothings, LVL UP @ Webster Hall |
| 02/01 | Stef Chura, Kevin Krauter @ Alphaville |
| 02/08 | Code Orange, Youth Code, Nicole Dollanganger, Lifeless, Regulate @ The Marlin Room at Webster Hall |
| 02/09 | Allison Crutchfield & The Fizz, Radiator Hospital, Pinkwash @ Sunnyvale |
| 02/09 | Black Marble, Uniform, YOU. @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 02/16 | Palm, Beth Israel, Really Big Pinecone @ Shea Stadium |
| 02/16 | Teen Daze, Mozart's Sister @ The Silent Barn |
| 02/17 | Lemuria, Cayetana, Mikey Erg @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 02/17 | Rick Astley @ Webster Hall |
| 02/18 | PWR BTM, Mal Blum and the Blums, Naked Giant @ Shea Stadium |
| 02/21 | Homeshake @ Baby's All Right |
| 02/21 | Naomi Punk, PC Worship @ The Park Church Co-op |
| 02/22 | Homeshake @ Shea Stadium |
| 02/23 | Homeshake @ The Silent Barn |
| 02/24 | Pissed Jeans @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 02/24 | Vagabon, Mal Devisa, Jelani Sei @ Baby's All Right |
| 02/25 | The Pains of Being Pure at Heart, Sad13, SPORTS, Half Waif, T-Rextasy @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 02/27 | Os Mutantes @ The Marlin Room at Webster Hall |
| 03/01 | You Blew It! @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 03/02 | Power Trip, Iron Reagan, Concealed Blade, Krimewatch @ The Marlin Room at Webster Hall |
| 03/05 | ANVIL, Night Demon, Gravesshadow @ The Studio at Webster Hall |
| 03/09 | Foxing @ Brooklyn Bazaar |
| 03/10 | Kevin Abstract, Bearface @ The Studio at Webster Hall |
| 03/16 | Devendra Banhart @ Webster Hall |
| 03/25 | Rabit, Moor Mother, GENG @ Sunnyvale |
| 03/31 | King Gizzard and the Lizard Wizard @ Webster Hall |
| 04/06 | Xiu Xiu, Dreamcrusher @ Brooklyn Bazaar |